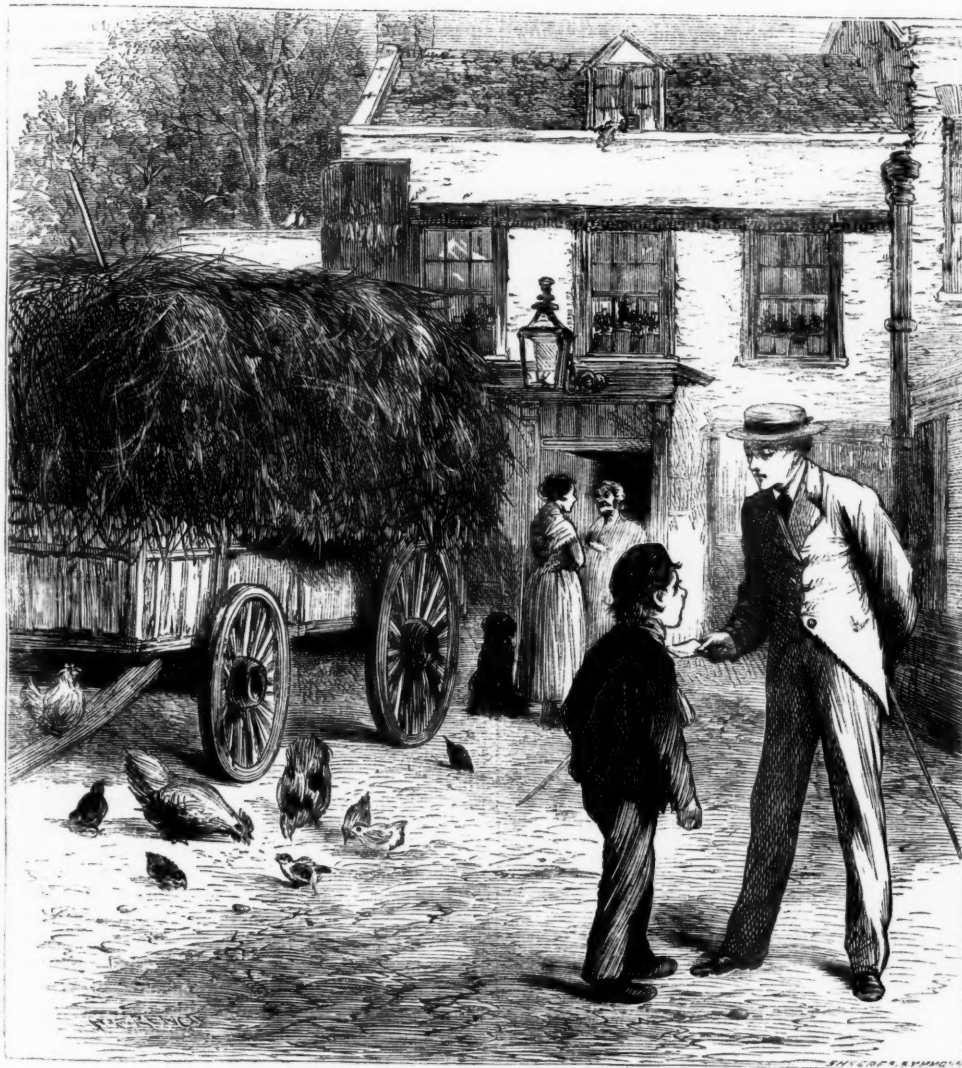


THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Copper.*



A MESSAGE FOR THE STRANGER AT THE RAILWAY ARMS.

HIS ONLY ENEMY.

BY MRS. ARNOLD, AUTHOR OF "BETTER THAN GOLD."

CHAPTER IX.—SOMETHING WRONG.

IT was the morning following that of the opening of the bazaar and the visit of the brothers Harford, which had ended in a manner so strange and inexplicable to Allen. He had been unable to account for his brother's sudden fright, for, in spite of Maurice's evasive answers, and his explanation

to the effect that it must have been the heated air of the place which had brought on an attack of his old faintness, Allen was convinced that there was some other cause (either imaginary or real) for his blanched face and his sudden anxiety to get out of the hall. That it was not anything real Allen felt a conviction that almost amounted to certainty, and if it was imaginary— What then? The beating of his heart quickened, and there was a quiver of pain about his firm lips as he glanced across the breakfast-table at

Maurice, inwardly shrinking from the thoughts and anxieties which grew out of that query. Watching his brother with intense, all-absorbing interest, even while he dreaded lest some chance look or movement should give new confirmation to the indefinable fears which were already taking form and colour in his mind, again and again the same idea haunted him with gloomy persistence. If there was no real cause for the unaccountable panic of nervous terror which had so unexpectedly seized Maurice at the bazaar, if the thing that alarmed him had been nothing more than a creation of his own distorted fancy, a case of mental delusion, did it not show there was something seriously wrong with Maurice, some insidious infirmity of mind that might grow and grow until it ended in the eclipse of the light? While watching his brother during breakfast, Allen could not help remarking that occasionally he made a sudden pause and listened intently, then resumed his meal with a sigh of relief. And there was a strange, furtive look in his eyes that went to Allen's heart. He was really apprehensive when Maurice suddenly started from his seat; but a moment later the door opened, and a servant entered with letters. Allen had not heard the knock. As she retired, Maurice seemed struck by the expression of his brother's face, and said, with a poor attempt at a laugh, as he quietly sat down and drank off the remainder of his coffee, "Don't worry yourself about me, Allen; I am only a bit nervous. I always was, you know."

Allen replied, gravely, "You were always excitable, but not nervous. I cannot understand what has come over you, Maurice. You seem to be constantly on the watch, as if expecting some one of whom you are afraid."

"What nonsense, Allen. Of whom need I be afraid?"

And Maurice laughed, but Allen pressed his inquiries anxiously. Was anything amiss? had he anything on his mind?

"My dear Allen, don't worry yourself. I have told you over and over again that it is nervousness, and it has been growing upon me for the last six years. Why cannot that satisfy you? I don't like to feel that you are watching me as you have been for the past few months; it helps to make me worse."

"I have been very uneasy about you, Maurice. That is my excuse. The thought occurred to me that there might be something on your mind."

"Then dismiss it at once, Al; and in future don't let such crotchets get into your head, or you'll be thinking I'm mad next. By-the-by, is that letter for me?"

"Yes."

"Then hand it over, like a good fellow." As he received it, he glanced at the superscription, then tore it open, saying, "It is only from Clarence Mosely." A short pause followed, which was broken by Maurice adding, "He talks of running down to see his uncle and aunt, and spending a few days at the Manor."

It was not pleasant news to Allen, but he made no remark, finishing his breakfast almost in silence. When he was about to leave the room, he put his hand on his brother's shoulder and inquired, "Are you well enough to go to the factory to-day?"

"Yes, Allen, I shall be there soon after you. Is there anything particular that you want me to do?"

"No, only I thought of going into Deanfield."

"Then go, by all means."

As the door closed on his brother, Maurice leaned back in his chair and sighed, a heavy, trouble-laden sigh that seemed wrung from his heart. Now that there was no longer a necessity for disguise and self-repression, it could be easily seen that the light tone by which he had endeavoured to reassure Allen had been assumed to hide the real state of his mind. He passed his hand nervously across his forehead. "I must be mad," was his excited thought, "to act as I do. I am certain to betray my wretched secret unless I keep a better guard over myself. Allen already suspects me; I can see it in his manner. If I could only prevail on him to sell the business and leave Deanfield, all might be well; but it is useless trying to persuade him. My good, kind brother, no one else but you would have patience with such a thoughtless, good-for-nothing fellow as I am. God bless him,—he little thinks how unworthy I am of his love—that I have been insane enough to wish the factory was burned down."

He had, in his excitement, unconsciously uttered the last words aloud, and so it chanced that Allen re-entering the room at that moment, overheard them. Maurice still sat at the breakfast-table, from which the cloth had not yet been removed. His back was towards the door, and Allen saw at once that his return had not been noticed. He stood an instant, irresolute whether to make his presence known and seek an explanation of that sentence. A moment's reflection decided him to wait. It was a mere trifle which had brought him back to the room—a pencil-case that he had laid on the mantel-shelf and forgotten. He did not attempt to get it, but went out, softly closing the door after him. Allen had only caught the words, "wish the factory was burned down," but they filled his mind with sorrowful foreboding, and oppressed him with a weight of anxiety which he felt to be almost insupportable. "Burned down!" He found it impossible to lose the sound of his brother's voice as he uttered those strange, ill-omened words. Even when he reached the factory, and was alone in his private office, bending over his desk and examining some important accounts which the clerk had brought for his inspection, he felt unequal to the work. Try as he would, he could not recover his mental balance.

An hour later Allen left the factory, with the intention of paying a visit to Martin Crosse, whom he had only seen once since his removal from Fernside. Allen's conscience smote him with a sense of unkindness towards the fallen man, also to Ruth and her aunt. It was not long before he reached his destination, for he walked rapidly, showing considerable dexterity in evading encounters with certain acquaintances who would have intercepted him on his way, and possibly detained him. He also made a point of avoiding the approaches to the lecture-hall. It was the second day of the bazaar, and the streets were thronged by visitors, it being the market day. There was now scarcely a doubt as to the commercial success of the undertaking, and Allen rejoiced with the rest of the patrons, but he would have shrunk with a strange sense of pain from any proposal to revisit the gay scene that day.

The home which had replaced Fernside was a small neat-looking cottage, the last of a row situated in one of the new streets which had been multiplied in Deanfield during the last few years,

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Allen's unaccustomed fingers fumbled a few minutes with the fastening of the little gate before he succeeded in opening it. He sighed as he lifted the knocker and let it drop, giving out a loud single knock, such as few servant-girls skilled in the language of door-knocks trouble to answer in a hurry. The present instance was no exception to the rule, but the visitor was too full of other thoughts to notice how long he was kept waiting before a step sounded along the passage, and the door was opened with a jerk, showing him the round red face of the trim little servant who was so familiarly associated with Fernside. Allen was not surprised to see that Ann had been retained by the family, for he knew that she was a *protégée* of Miss Thorpe's, and trained by her, for Ann had been taken into Fernside when she was only twelve years old, a poor little orphan, who would otherwise have been thrown upon the world a friendless waif. He was familiar with the girl's history, and Miss Thorpe's kindness to the dying mother. There were many such stories of womanly charity connected with Ruth's eccentric aunt, stories that were sure to appeal to the respect and appreciation of a mind like Allen Harford's. He was glad to find that the girl had been grateful enough to prefer the service of her old mistress to that of strangers. In reply to his inquiries, Allen was informed that "Missus was out shopping, and Miss Ruth busy. But you can see master, sir, if you will please walk this way; he's a bit better this morning," Ann added, smoothing down the folds of her holland apron.

A few moments later Allen found himself comfortably seated in the little parlour, and chatting pleasantly with his old friend, his face wonderfully cleared and brightened since he crossed the threshold. The anxious, burdened look had been left outside. Allen was always the giver, rarely the receiver of sympathy, for it was his rule to keep his own troubles well in the background.

Martin Crosse was looking better and brighter than his visitor had expected to find him. He was carefully propped and cushioned in his large easy-chair opposite the window, from which the white curtains had been looped back to give him a glimpse of the little garden and the clean quiet street beyond. But the eyes of the stricken scholar were oftener turned to the well-filled bookcase which seemed almost too large for the small room. There his gaze would linger with a regretful fondness which was in itself a touching comment upon his helplessness; those bulky volumes had been the chosen friends and companions of his life; and though they could no longer speak to him except through the voices of others, the mere sight of them was welcome, and he seemed to find pleasure in their mute companionship.

Allen's quick eyes gathered in the whole scene at a glance, and he did not fail to notice the subtle refinements, little niceties of arrangement which gave the cottage parlour such an air of home even to him, so different to his own drawing-room, with its rich cumbrous old furniture, where there had not been for years any sweet suggestive tokens of a woman's hand, such as met him now, in the sight of a dainty work-basket, with a piece of delicate needlework lying in it, beside a pair of scissors and a gleaming silver thimble that looked as if it had been just dropped from a slight finger. There was another evidence of Ruth's presence in the freshly-filled glass of flowers on a stand before the old man. No wonder

that the canary sang in the window just as blithely as he had ever sung at Fernside. Such marvels can be done by the ministry of a loving hand. Martin Crosse showed genuine pleasure at sight of his old favourite. Allen's inquiry after Ruth's health elicited an outburst of feeling for which he was not prepared. Tears gathered in the dim eyes and the thin weak voice was very tremulous.

"You have no idea how good my darling is, Allen; I did not know it myself till this trouble came. God bless her! she has never complained nor said a word that could hurt me; she never thinks of herself and the hard life-struggle that is before her; all her care is for me."

Allen gently pressed one of the helpless hands, saying, softly, "I am very glad to hear it, Mr. Crosse; it proves that Ruth Holland is all I thought her."

There was a short pause, then the old man spoke again. "There is something I wish to say before Ruth comes in, Allen. I want to ask your opinion concerning an idea of hers; she talks about opening a school."

Allen's face flushed and a pained look came into his eyes, but he made no comment upon the information, only repeated, "A school?"

The old man watched his face wistfully. "I see you do not like the idea any better than myself, Allen."

"I must admit I don't like it, Mr. Crosse. Ruth is not strong enough, for I am afraid it would be a life of drudgery, with very poor remuneration."

"That is just what I have told her, but Ruth seems to have set her mind upon it. Ah! here you are at last, my dear," he exclaimed, as the door suddenly opened and Ruth came in.

She shook hands with Allen, and made some kind inquiries after his brother, then turned to her stepfather, saying, with a laugh, "Now, papa, will you be good enough to let me know what it is that I seem to have set my mind upon?"

"I was telling Allen about your project."

Ruth stroked the grey head as she said, "You dear, foolish old man, why did you trouble Mr. Harford with such matters?"

"I wanted his opinion, Ruth; he has given it, and it coincides with your aunt's and mine."

"Mr. Harford does not understand my motive, papa, or I think, instead of condemning my plan, he would approve it."

"I don't condemn it, Miss Holland; I only say that in this particular locality I am afraid it would not prove remunerative."

"Then where would you advise me to go, Mr. Harford?"

Allen's colour heightened, for this direct question surprised him out of his self-possession and made him feel uncomfortable from his inability to answer it as he could have wished. He spoke with evident hesitation: "I could not presume to give any definite advice in so important a matter, still I cannot conscientiously recommend you to open a school in Deanfield, there are so many already; yet I should be very sorry if you left for any other town."

"Thank you. I have no wish to leave Deanfield; it is a pleasant little town, and so near to Fernside and my dear mother's grave. You will think me very obstinate, but I cling to my project about the school; as papa told you, I have set my mind upon it. You see what a self-willed daughter he has."

She stooped over the invalid's chair as she spoke,

bringing her fair face on a level with that of the old man, smiling at him one of the bright smiles that Allen always likened to sudden gleams of sunshine. Martin Crosse answered only by a look, but it was a pathetic revelation to Allen, and enabled him to realise more vividly all that Ruth Holland had become to the stricken man.

While they were still talking, the sound of carriage-wheels was heard stopping at the door, and an instant afterwards a loud decisive knock was resounding through the silent street. Allen knew by intuition that the new arrival was Dr. Kemp.

CHAPTER X.—A DOUBTFUL FRIEND.

THE chance meeting with Dr. Kemp on his visit to the cottage of Martin Crosse had given Allen an opportunity of acting upon a resolution which he had formed with reference to his brother. This was to privately consult the doctor on the subject, confiding to him his growing uneasiness and anxiety about Maurice, and his dread that the peculiar symptoms whose development he had so closely watched might prove the indications of some insidious disorder.

The doctor listened silently to all he had to tell, fixing his bright grey eyes attentively on Allen's face, and making a few entries in his note-book. Before giving his opinion, he prefaced it with a question for which Allen was not altogether unprepared, but at the same time he thought it proved that his suspicion concerning Maurice was shared by the medical man. "I know you have a good memory, Mr. Harford. Will you tell me whether you have ever heard of any near relative, either on your father or mother's side, being affected in a manner similar to your brother?"

Allen's answer had been decisive and unhesitating. "None that I am aware of, doctor."

The note-book was closed, the doctor remarking, as he put it into his pocket, "I will make it my business to see Maurice again, and will take him unawares one of these mornings. In the meantime you need not worry yourself, for I really don't think there is much ground for your apprehension, as I told your brother when he came to consult me the other day. It is my opinion that his symptoms are caused by mental worry—some anxiety burdening his mind. I remember informing him that his ailment was beyond my reach, for it struck me at the time that the symptoms which he described were the result of an uneasy mind, and I think so still."

Allen was not reassured by the doctor's words, for he could not resist the impression that he was striving to make the best of the case for the purpose of relieving his anxiety.

When Allen returned to the factory, after parting with Dr. Kemp, he found, to his surprise, that Maurice had left about half an hour previously. "Did he say where he was going, Mills?" Allen inquired of the book-keeper.

"Mr. Maurice left no message, sir, but I think he must have gone down to the bank, for I saw him put a check into his pocket-book."

After thanking him, Allen glanced down at the books which lay open on the desk. "How do you get on with that balance?"

"It is still out, sir."

"Can you depend on the casting being correct?"

"Yes, sir; I have been over it twice."

"What are you doing now?"

"Checking the posting from the journal to the ledger. I have compared all the other books, and they are correct."

"Bring your books into my office in about a quarter of an hour, and I will assist you in checking the entries."

As he spoke he entered the small, well-furnished room, which was set apart for the use of himself and Maurice; the door swung to as he passed in, being closed by a spring.

The book-keeper's surmise about Maurice was right. On leaving the factory he had gone direct to the bank and there cashed a cheque for one hundred pounds. He had then made his way to a small inn known as the Railway Arms, and situated in one of the streets leading to the new railway-station, which was considered quite an architectural acquisition to the town. Whatever might be the nature of the business which had brought Maurice into that locality, it was evident that he had no intention of giving his personal patronage to the Railway Arms, for he contented himself with passing and repassing the place, giving a keen, scrutinising glance at the lower windows and the faces of two or three men who came out at intervals. At last he stopped, glanced round as if to assure himself that his movements were not watched or attracting inconvenient curiosity, then took from his pocket-book a letter, addressed in his own handwriting to a Mr. Thomas Rodgers, Railway Arms. This he placed in the hand of a sharp-eyed boy, who was loitering about the indoor in the hope of earning a few pence by carrying gentlemen's bags to the railway. His directions were concise enough.

"Take this letter inside, and ask them to let you give it to the person whose name is written there. After you have delivered it, come back to me, and I will give you this."

And Maurice displayed a shilling to the dazzled eyes of the boy. The gleam of the silver coin proved a powerful incentive to the messenger, who hurried into the house, first glancing round, as if to make sure that the gentleman was still standing where he had left him. The errand performed, he reappeared, and pocketed the reward with great satisfaction.

A few minutes after the boy had disappeared with his prize, Maurice was joined by a portly, well-dressed man, about forty or forty-five years of age, of commanding presence, and a not unpleasant type of face, at least not unpleasant under its present friendly aspect. He put his hand through Maurice Harford's arm with the privileged air of an old acquaintance. That this demonstration was not approved by the young man was evident from his involuntary shrinking, even while passively submitting to the familiarity. The stranger made some polite, commonplace inquiries about his companion's health, and complained of the heat and dust, then suddenly lapsed into silence.

Presently Maurice asked, in a low, anxious tone, "What are you doing in Deanfield again, Mr. Rodgers?"

"Come down on business."

"Mine?"

"Partly yours, partly some one else's. I thought I would kill two birds with one stone."

Maurice's face grew white, and his lips trembled, as he said, "But you promised me—"

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"Mr. Rodgers, I have—"

"There, there, don't interrupt me, Harford; I was going to tell you that I should not have come down but for the other affair, but now that I am here I could not think of going back without seeing you."

Maurice made no reply, and the speaker went on: "I saw you at the bazaar last night, but you need not have frightened yourself. I did not mean mischief. Yet I may as well caution you to be on your guard, or you will leave me no choice in the matter. You understand what I mean?"

"Yes," faltered Maurice, visibly shrinking. Suddenly he faced his companion, and grasped him by the arm, saying, excitedly, "You will not fail me, Rodgers, after having promised?"

"Steady, Harford, steady." The stranger spoke in a sharp, authoritative tone, such as a man might use to a restive horse. "Have I not already said you may depend on me? So long as you keep your part of the compact I will keep mine. And now I think we had better part, for the less we are together the better, perhaps, for you."

As they shook hands, Maurice placed a small leather bag in the man's hand, saying, "I have doubled the amount I gave you the last time we met."

There was no surprise in the stranger's face as he received the money, but a light kindled in his eyes, and his mouth had a relaxed, satisfied expression as he fingered the bag for an instant, and kept it in his hand, as if speculating on its weight. It was then stowed carefully away in one of his pockets, buried out of sight with jealous haste, that told how dear that precious burden would be to him, how he would hoard and treasure it for its own sake. It told also that the greed for gold was the master passion of the man's nature, the quicksand in which his life was going down. He answered Maurice in a tone that was meant to reassure and give him renewed confidence. "You are safe, Mr. Harford, so far as I am concerned, and if I should hear of anything likely to put you in danger, you may depend upon receiving from me a timely warning."

"Many thanks. I believe I may trust you, Mr. Rodgers. When do you intend leaving Deanfield?"

"Now that I have seen you I shall leave at once, for I have no wish to remain in the town."

This answer brought a look of inexpressible relief into the young man's face.

The stranger remarked it, and smiled. "I see you will not be sorry when I am gone, Mr. Harford. Well, I suppose it is natural, taking into account the peculiar circumstances in which we are placed. But I will not detain you any longer, as I shall only just have time to get ready for the train. If I miss that, I shall have to wait until 4.30, and that's the express. Good-bye, Harford. Make your mind easy, and trust me, for as long as I keep silent you are safe."

They parted with some slight shaking of hands, a ceremony with which Maurice would have been glad to dispense.

On leaving the stranger at the Railway Arms, Maurice walked slowly back towards the factory, full of anxious thought, with a weary, haggard look in his blue eyes as if his mind had undergone some

great mental strain. How vividly the shadow was showing now as he walked on gloomy and pre-occupied, with his forehead contracted into frowning lines that were becoming habitual to it. So changed from the gay Maurice of former days. How it would have grieved Allen if he could have watched him during that walk. It was such a strangely burdened face, with pinched, sharpened outlines, and a look like the greyiness of old age stealing on before its time.

Thus communing with himself, Maurice turned into the High Street, which was one of the principal thoroughfares in Deanfield, and was preparing to cross when, chancing to look up, he was attracted by a basket-carriage and a pair of sleek grey ponies, driven by a lady whom he recognised as Maud Raeburn. Her mother sat by her side holding a beautiful little terrier on her lap. For the moment Maurice felt disturbed by the encounter, and would have quietly passed on his way without appearing to have seen them, but it was too late, Maud had recognised him, and, gracefully reining in her ponies, drew up at the curb.

Mrs. Raeburn was looking better than when Maurice saw her on the previous day. She seemed unusually animated, and her quiet face had the additional brightness of a soft pink colour, that he interpreted as a sign of re-established health. He had a long standing partiality for the ailing mistress of Raeburn Manor, who had the soft, low voice that has been called such an "excellent thing in woman."

Maurice had been heard to envy Clarence Mosely the possession of such an aunt. There were those who found fault with Mrs. Raeburn for being a little too proud and exclusive, but that was not Maurice Harford's impression of the lady. Her daughter Maud was also an attraction to him, as she was to most gentlemen, whether young or old. Handsome and clever, full of spirit and fun, her piquant face and sparkling vivacity procured her almost universal admiration, and Maurice was no exception to the rule. Maud had always been the belle of the county in his eyes, and he liked to render her homage, though he was innocent of any matrimonial designs, and his feelings towards her had never taken a warmer tone than friendship.

"Good morning, Mr. Harford, I am very glad that you have made your appearance just now, for I want to call you to account for leaving us so early yesterday. There was your brother, also, as bad as yourself, but, as he is not here, you must be reprimanded for both."

"Nay, Miss Maud, I must appeal against that judgment as unfair. What does your mother say?"

"I agree with you, Mr. Harford. It seems hardly fair to hold you responsible for your brother."

Maud laughed and played with the reins, pouting her red lip a little. Maurice went on:—

"In this instance, neither my brother nor myself was to blame, Miss Raeburn. I was ill, and the heat of the hall did not help to restore me, so we had no alternative but to leave."

"In that case, I suppose we must forgive you. Allow me to say that I am glad to see you are better to-day?"

Maurice bowed and thanked her.

The gay girl prattled on. "We are going to the station to meet a friend of yours, Mr. Harford, after which we intend taking our posts at the bazaar."

"A friend of mine?"

"Yes, sir, a friend of yours, a very intimate friend I should say."

"You surely don't mean your Cousin Clarence, Miss Maud?"

"Yes, I do, sir; but what is there so surprising in my information that you should lift your brows in that way, Mr. Harford?"

"Nothing, only I received a letter from him this morning, and he merely said that he thought of coming down for a few days, and from that I supposed he had not quite made up his mind."

"Perhaps he wanted to give you a pleasant surprise, Mr. Harford," Mrs. Raeburn suggested, with the evident intention of giving her nephew the benefit of the most charitable judgment.

"Mamma, I propose that we take Mr. Harford with us and surprise Clarence in his turn," exclaimed Maud in her sudden impulsive way.

"A capital idea, my dear Maud, and we shall be glad of your company."

Maurice hesitated a moment, glancing from the speaker to her daughter. The feathers in Maud's bonnet shook a little impatiently as she noticed his wavering resolution.

"Come, jump in, Mr. Harford, I am sure Clarence will be very glad to see you."

She seconded her invitation by a bright glance that decided Maurice. He got in and they drove to the station, where they found, to their disappointment and perplexity, that they were too late. The train they had come to meet had already arrived. It had discharged its complement of passengers and luggage booked for Deanfield, and gone steaming on its way. Maurice, commissioned by Mrs. Raeburn and Maud, had commenced an investigation of the platform in search of the expected traveller, when, to his astonishment and dismay, he saw Clarence Mosely in close conversation with Mr. Thomas Rodgers, the stranger of the Railway Arms.

THE COLORADO BEETLE.

(*Chrysomela*, or *Doryphora decemlineata*.)

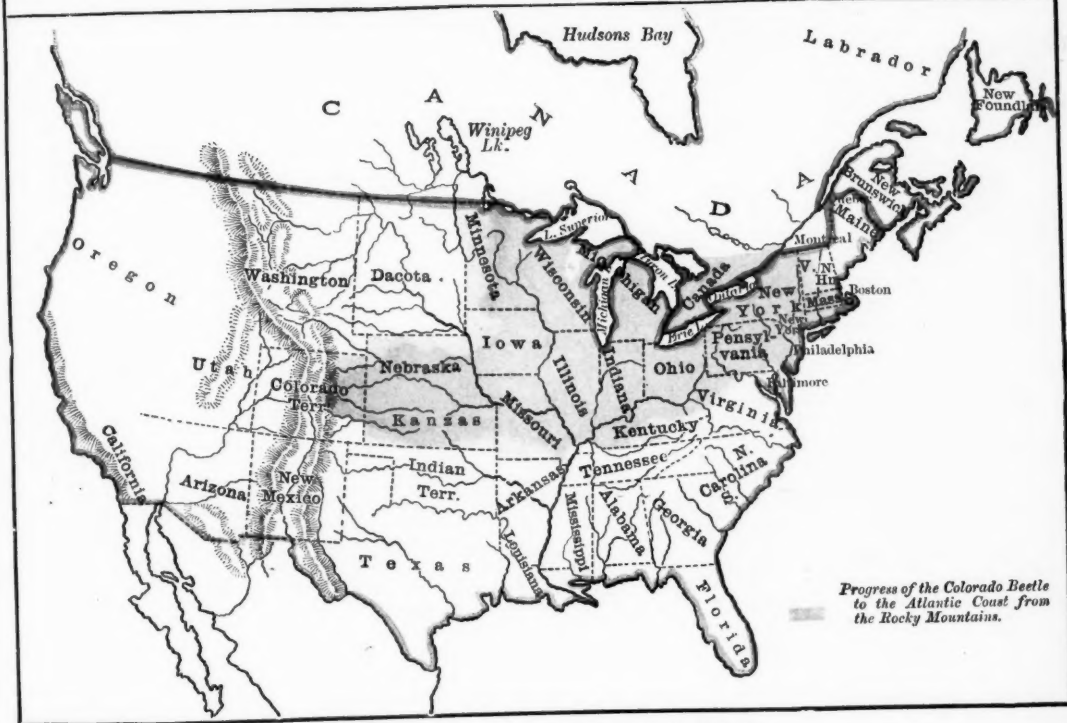
AT the end of June a question was put in the House of Commons of an unusual, but possibly an ominous, nature. The Vice-President of the Council, on being asked if the Colorado beetle, of whose devastation all had heard in America, had really found its way across the Atlantic, Lord Sandon replied that the report was too true; that this destructive insect had appeared at various places in Germany; and that there is every danger of the plague spreading. It was further stated that the authorities have been for a long time on the watch, and that there is need now for the utmost vigilance. As long ago as March, 1875, a circular had been sent to all custom-house officers, desiring them to destroy by fire all particles of potato haulm or stalk from America. In 1876 another memorandum was issued, with engraving of the beetle; and this year a paper, issued by the Canadian Minister of Agriculture, has been reprinted and largely circulated. This document contains a coloured engraving of the insect, with a description of its appearance and habits, and instructions as to the best means of

getting rid of it if it unfortunately appears in any place in England.

"The justly dreaded addition to the plagues of thirty centuries," says "The Times," "surpasses them all in its locomotive powers, in its versatility, in its power of adapting itself to circumstances, and in the determination with which it compasses its ends. It can fly considerable distances, and has a wonderful instinct for directing its flight; it can take to the water and walk or paddle, if not on the open sea, which is not necessary, on rivers, pools, and docks, which is all that it wants. In this way it approaches a barge or a ship, walks up the sides, stows itself away in a crevice, a heap of dirt, or deep in the cargo, and disembarks with the passengers and crew, knowing well that wherever they go, board and lodging will be found. The Dominion authorities tell us we shall never keep it out. It has got down to Montreal, where it is impossible to prevent it taking passage to this country. But it has already familiarised itself with the passage, and while we are all thinking only of the Russians crossing the Danube, the beetle has crossed the Atlantic. Active as its habits usually are, it can also lie dormant and apparently dead for long periods. Under some circumstances it is watchful and suspicious, avoiding, like other beetles, the eye of day and the light of the sun. Yet it can be anything but shy, and will meet your gaze like a man of the world. It loves to frequent river sides, crowded quays, and railway platforms, springing into the carriages or the trucks with the passengers or the cattle, and issuing from the terminus into the quarter most to its taste. The authorities at Ontario might have added, but have not, possibly because they would spare us needless horrors, that this wonderful creature exhibits in rapid, indeed annual performances, the amazing changes which Mr. Darwin believes he has ascertained in the development of species taking, on his modest supposition, myriads of years. The Colorado beetle, like a harlequin, laughs in his face, and instantly transforms itself into a new coat, new limbs, new armour, new weapons, and new digestive powers. Man, it must be admitted, has an admirable gift that way. Few diets found in creation can differ more than that of the English ploughman and that of the London diner-out, or, to confine ourselves to what may be called natural contrasts, the yam and plantain of the Negro and the blubber of the Esquimaux. It is said that this beetle can change its dietary from year to year. Indeed, nothing comes amiss with it; only that the diet fails, and the animal undergoes a visible adaptation. Another circumstance of terror is omitted in the account before us. Hitherto America, indeed all the world, has felt immense security in the fact that the worst insect plagues can only exist within certain ranges of temperature, and that either intense heat or intense cold, or a long period of either, is fatal to them. In this country we read of countries devastated by locusts and caterpillars, as spectators on the coast see shipwrecks. A hurricane may blow a solitary locust to our shores, but it is a welcome specimen, not the dreaded harbinger of an invasion. There seems to be nothing whatever to prevent the Colorado beetle from entering this island by any port it may prefer, biding its time, recruiting itself after its voyage, taking possibly a new form, and acquiring some new accomplishment, and then suddenly showing itself in force in the midst of hundreds of acres of potatoes within sight of St. Paul's."

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THE COLORADO BEETLE.

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These remarks may seem to have a tone of humorous exaggeration, but it is no jesting matter, and the description given by the Board of Agriculture in Canada amply justifies the statements in the "Times" article as to the habits and modes of progression of the animal: "For not only does it move by flying, and by navigating, so to speak, smooth water, but also travels on common vehicles, railway carriages and platforms, on decks of vessels, etc., especially during the months of August and September. In localities fully invaded, the beetles may be seen creeping on sidewalks, bridges, and wharves, crawling up buildings, occupying fences, lodging themselves in every crevice, penetrating houses and dwellings, ascending and occupying vehicles of all sorts, finding their way into boats and vessels, placing themselves on any and every article, and being found alive after a long sojourn in situations where there would seem to exist no chance for them to find any subsistence."

As every contribution to the information concerning this plague may be of service, we translate some portions of an official document which has been published by the Board of Agriculture at Berlin.

This insect, first known in the neighbourhood of the Rocky Mountains, has been scientifically classed as *Chrysomela (Doryphora) decemlineata*. Its size, when full grown, is (as shown in our illustration) about half an inch. It is of an oval form, and somewhat shining body; its predominant colour is orange, but the thick end of the antennæ, the eyes, and a heart-like mark on its neck-shield, are black, as are the fore and back margin of its body and its longitudinal stripes; underneath its body are numerous spots. The legs are provided with four joints; the under-wings are of a pale red. Unlike most of its nearly-related species (*Phytophaga Chrysomelina*), the potato-beetle, as well as its chrysalis, is to be found on the plant on which it feeds; but it was not until after it had changed its original food plant—a kind of nightshade (*Solanum rostratum*, which grows wild in the Rocky Mountains)—for the nearly-related cultivated potato-plant (*Solanum tuberosum*) that its development, rapid increase, and destructive habits attracted attention. It undergoes the same changes as the butterfly; its larva apparently requires a great deal of nourishment. After casting its skin its chrysalis state begins, and then this dormant non-feeding chrysalis changes to a beetle.

According to observations made by Americans, its development in our gardens and fields proceeds as follows. In the beginning of May, when the plant puts forth its young green leaves, the beetle comes out of the ground, in which it has wintered, and after about a fortnight the female lays a plentiful supply of orange-coloured eggs, of from twelve to twenty, on the underneath side of the young plant, during about forty days. After laying its eggs, estimated at between 700 and 1,200 in number, it feeds on the leaves in company with its consort. The young larvæ, when from five to eight days old, follow their example. When young they are of a darker colour (see print *bb.*); afterwards they become lighter. When the larva has attained its full length it resembles a caterpillar. Its hindmost ring, its head, and eyes are black, as well as two rows of protuberances, like warts, on each side of its body. Arrived at this stage of development, in about seventeen or twenty days this caterpillar descends from the plant into the ground and turns into a chrysalis. The beetle derived from it already begins

to lay eggs in the middle of June, thereby producing a new generation of devourers, which, after having gone through their metamorphoses in fifty to fifty-five days, are succeeded, in the beginning of August, by a third generation. The beetles of this last-mentioned generation, which, until September, feed on the potato leaves, remain all the winter through under the earth, as before stated.

We cannot but reflect on this strange provision of nature, that the two first families of this tribe should remain above ground, and that it is only the third and last generation which find their way into the earth, "when winter draweth nigh"! The whole number appearing during a summer season may easily be estimated. Thus, in the month of May, 100 females will have laid their eggs in a potato-field; their ravenous progeny, by the end of summer, will amount from 7,000 to 20,000; and these again, in the months of June and July, will yield about 24 to 72 millions of eggs! The third generation (visible only till the end of August) may be reckoned by thousands of millions. It is not, therefore, a matter of surprise that in the month of June one already hears of the destruction of whole fields of potatoes in America. This increase, which almost exceeds belief, is owing to the plant on which they feed having become more succulent by culture than it is in its wild state. Notwithstanding the havoc they have made, we are told that the most extensive fields are not sufficient to satisfy these swarming myriads of gourmandisers. The want of nourishment impels them sooner or later to migrate. Their migration is effected in such numbers, and with a perseverance that is scarcely equalled by any other insect, if we except the locust. With the progress of culture in the West, the beetle, forsaking the plant on which it formerly fed, settled on the cultivated potato. Increasing depredations were first observed in Nebraska in 1859. Arrived thus far, there could be no doubt as to the direction of their onward flight. It was only eastwards that the potato-plant offered food for their progeny. In the year 1861 the Missouri was crossed, and they sought their food in Iowa. Soon after 1862 whole swarms were observed in Kansas. From Iowa their ravages extended 200 geographical miles towards Minnesota and Missouri on the west of the Mississippi (1864). After crossing the Mississippi (1865), Wisconsin, Illinois, and Kentucky were devastated; and in 1870 Indiana, Michigan, and Ohio suffered to a still greater degree. The broad Lake Michigan proved no obstacle to their passage from Wisconsin to Michigan. From Ontario, south of Canada, reports arrived (1871) of the widespread destruction of potato crops; from New York and Pennsylvania in the same year the boundary districts were invaded. In 1874 the vanguard of this insectivorous army reached the seacoast of the Eastern States, although their main body had still a good space to traverse. Their arrival on the Atlantic coast had been calculated to take place in 1878-1880; but they have actually, in sixteen years, made their way over 360 geographical miles; while their extension throughout their course is estimated at 40,000 to 50,000 square miles! It seems certain that so swift and extensive an invasion could only have been accomplished by their having made use of their wings. It is reported that beyond Ohio multitudinous swarms of the beetle (each swarm numbering about 10,000) have passed on, one after the other, in the course of a few hours! But it must

not be supposed, from these accounts, that the devastation committed by this voracious insect is only partial and transitory (as with the locust), or that in the same ratio that the swarms advance, they lessen or cease altogether in the districts they have left. According to simultaneous reports from various parts of the United States, the devastation of the more western States by no means ceased with their departure, but continued six or seven years with more or less intensity, after which period it ceased. Whilst in some regions they caused a loss only of from twenty to thirty per cent., in other places the ruin they surveyed so disheartened the holders of land, that the planting of potatoes was completely given up. If the green leaves of the potato were attacked in the middle of summer, it did not prevent the development of the bulbs, though they became of smaller size; but if the work of destruction on the plant above ground began when its new leaves first appeared, the bulbs never reached maturity, and it was then certain that the beetle must have wintered on the spot. It is easy to comprehend that the regions of which it has long been a denizen suffer more than those which have newly been attacked, and that a greater deficiency in collecting the crops is there observed. From twenty to thirty beetles have been seen on one potato-plant, in places, too, where the injury they inflicted was not considered particularly great.

It has been observed that when the crops of fields have been entirely eaten up, the larvæ resort to a different sort of plant. Among them are the thorn-apple (*Datura*), henbane (*Hyoscyamus*), thistle (*Cardium*), knotted grass (*Polygonum*), goose-foot (*Chenopodium*), cresses (*Sisymbrium*), etc., and some weeds of no account, excepting that they help to sustain so dangerous an insect. The larvæ in some places have been found on the tomato and cabbage, by the exportation of which this rapidly-increasing plague may be introduced into foreign lands. One thing we have to add as a comfort. Where plant-devouring insects exist in large quantities, their natural enemies are sure to appear, and to rapidly increase at their cost. In Missouri an insect resembling the quick-fly (*Tachinaria*), very like the common fly in size and colour, destroys the larvæ of the *Doryphora decemlineata* at the rate of ten to fifty per cent., by laying their eggs on the top of them. Also the larvæ of different kinds of ladybirds (*Coccinella*) and several predatory beetles (*Harpactor cinctus*, *Reduvius raptatorius*, *Arma spinosa*, etc.). It has been observed that toads and crows will feed on them; in the crop of a quail six beetles were found. It was determined at length to try whether domestic poultry (ducks and fowls) would eat them, and thus assist in extirpating them. Almost everywhere good results followed, although reports were various. While some fowls ate the beetles with reluctance, and even got ill and died from their unaccustomed repast, others swallowed them as eagerly as the ducks, in proof of which we are told that thirty-one beetles were found in the crop of a Missouri fowl. Notwithstanding the appearance of their numerous enemies, and that a partial diminution of the beetle is caused by them, still no thorough and lasting effect has ensued. It is now proposed to adopt artificial means for their extinction; first, by collecting the beetles and their larvæ by hand, or by means of bags of particular construction, and by crushing the eggs deposited on the leaves; but as collecting them takes up too much

time, and causes considerable trouble and expense, without a real cessation of the evil, the remedial agency of various poisons has been taken into consideration. Among these, the most efficacious are arsenic and oxyde of copper, which is sometimes strewn over the plants as a dry powder, and sometimes mixed with water (in which it is insoluble), which is sprinkled over them.* The application of this poison by no means produces an entire removal of these encroaching insects, but it serves in some degree to restrict the evil; and now that the opinion once entertained is refuted, that the ground and the bulbs were poisoned and destroyed together with the insects, the adoption of these means has been recommended. But notwithstanding a partially-obtained success, the beetle has still gone on appearing everywhere, which is evident by the advance of multitudinous swarms towards the shores of the Atlantic.

* An article on the Colorado Beetle, by H. W. Bates, F.L.S., appeared in the "Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England." We have permission to copy the coloured illustration in that journal, but our drawing is partly from original specimens, and from the drawing accompanying the Berlin official report. Mr. Bates recommends the use of Paris or Scheele's green (arsenite of copper), one part of the powder to nine parts of flour, the powder being shaken over the plants through a cylinder box with perforated bottom. All such appliances are weary work and little likely to be effectual. The natural checks are more to be depended on, and the best of these natural checks are the small insect-feeding birds, which the "sparrow-clubs" are doing their utmost to destroy.

Hide a wee, and dinna fret.

Is the road very dreary?
Patience yet!
Rest will be sweeter if thou art awearry,
And after night cometh the morning cheery,
Then bide a wee, and dinna fret.

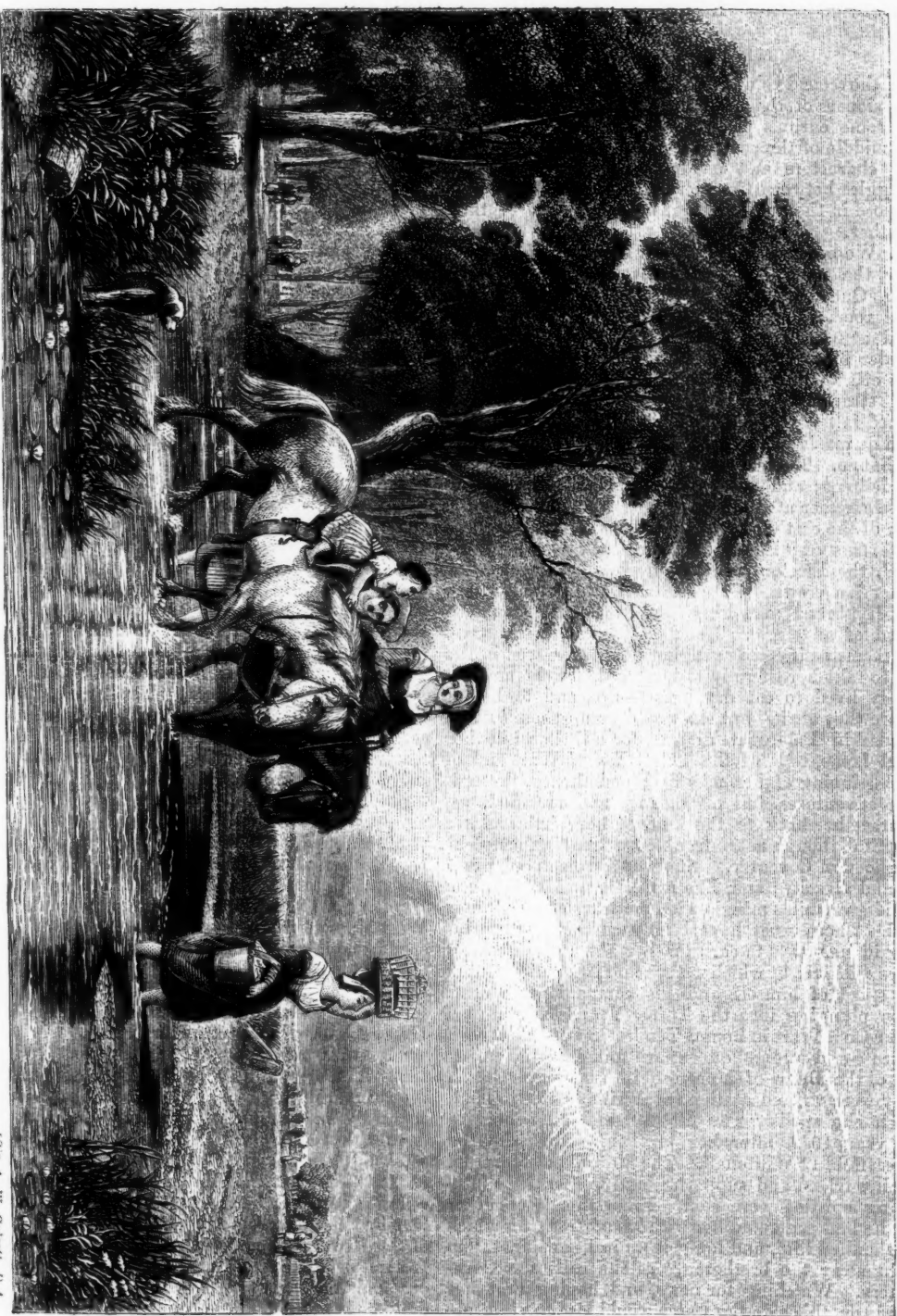
The clouds have silver lining,
Don't forget;
And though he's hidden, still the sun is shining;
Courage! instead of tears and vain repining,
Just bide a wee, and dinna fret.

With toil and cares unending
Art beset?
Bethink thee, how the storms from heaven descending
Snap the stiff oak, but spare the willow bending,
And bide a wee, and dinna fret.

Grief sharper sting doth borrow
From regret;
But yesterday is gone, and shall its sorrow
Unfit us for the present and the morrow?
Nay; bide a wee, and dinna fret.

An over-anxious brooding
Doth beget
A host of fears and fantasies deluding;
Then, brother, lest these torments be intruding,
Just bide a wee, and dinna fret.

S. E. G.



[From Collection.]

REVERTING FROM MARKET.

[See A. W. Colwell, L.A.]

ROYAL COMMISSION ON HISTORICAL MANUSCRIPTS.

IV.—THE DAYS AND DOINGS OF THE CAVALIERS.

IN the second volume of the Reports of the Commissioners on the subject of Historical Manuscripts are some curious pieces of information bearing on the middle of the seventeenth century, and illustrating characters and incidents connected with the struggles between Cavaliers and Roundheads. We propose in the present paper to bring some of them together.

I. We begin with a lady much talked of in those days, the sister of Charles I., well known as Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia. Her history is of the most romantic description. Residing in her childhood at Coombe Abbey, Warwickshire, the Gunpowder Plot conspirators planned to seize and carry her off, an enterprise they could not accomplish; and, strange to say, to that very mansion she returned in her last years, after a series of vicissitudes such as rarely fall to the lot of mortals in this world of change. Travellers up the Rhine are sure to visit Heidelberg; and who of the multitudes wandering there summer after summer can forget the triumphal arch of the castle, raised in honour of the Elector's bride, this very Elizabeth Stuart? When her husband, the Elector Palatine, hesitated to accept the Bohemian crown, she exclaimed, "Let me rather eat dry bread at a king's table than feast at the board of an elector;" and, as Mrs. Jameson says, "it seems as if some avenging demon hovered in the air, to take her literally at her word, for she and her family lived to eat dry bread—aye, and to beg it before they ate it—but she would be a queen." The Hradsehin Palace at Prague, for a little while her royal home, tells of the Thirty Years' War, and of the beginning of her miseries; and thence, through long adventures, full of romance and wretchedness, we trace her back to the land of her birth and her beautiful, though not untroubled, retreat in the neighbourhood of Coventry. She was a woman of great wit and vivacity; and, like sunshine amidst showers, so did gay smiles mingle with the tears she copiously shed. There must have been something very winning in her ways to earn for her the appellation of *Queen of Hearts*, by which many a noble Cavalier roused the spirit of himself and his companions in arms when plunging into the Thirty Years' War abroad or the Civil Wars at home. Ten letters of this English princess and foreign queen, are found in the collection of the Duke of Montrose in Buchanan Castle. They were written at the royal village in Holland, which she spells "The Hagh," and all belong to the year 1649, after her brother had perished on the scaffold at Whitehall. The Marquis of Montrose was her friend and supporter, and to him these interesting epistles were sent. From them we gather that he had presented her with his portrait, for which she thanked him, and hung it up in her cabinet, "to fright away the bretheren," as she calls the Covenanters. Watching for news, and hoping that her friends on this side the water would rise to vindicate the Stuart family, she notices that the English rebel Parliament could get no soldiers. Yet it was thought they would send their army to Scotland, to help the Roundheads there, and she ends a letter with the

words, "I wish Jamie Grame amongst them with all his followers." This was written the 3rd of July. In August we find her with her Cavaliers, who spent their summer days in walking and shooting, an amusement in which she now "renewed" herself. The place where she lived, she complains, was barren of news, and she had nothing to do but to walk and shoot; but she prides herself on becoming a good archer, and able to shoot with Lord Kinnoul. In October her spirits rose, for the business in Scotland did not seem so bad as had been reported; yet the affairs of England "were kept so in a cloud," and she heard nothing of certainty. She hoped that no news was good news, and mentions Lord Jermyn coming "to take order about the jewels," or to meet the Duke of Hamilton and others, that new commissions might be sent to the king "from godlie brethren," "to cross wicked Jamie Graham's proceedings." "But this," she adds, "will lead to nothing, as the king is constant to his principles. The Duke of York is with him; they say Rupert is at sea." In November the king was going with Rupert, who had passed by St. Malo with six good ships. Rupert was her son, whose fiery temper she well knew, and whom she calls, "Rober le Diable." "She doubted not but the marquis had seen by that time (9th December) the proclamation against Morton and Kinnoul, and all the adherents of that detestable bloodie murtherer and excommunicated traitour, James Greame," as the Roundheads called him. "The Turks," she says, "never call the Christians so." Poor woman! she seems to have bravely borne up amidst her misfortunes; but, on reading her letters and pondering her story, one cannot help thinking that she brought many troubles on her head by her wilful ambition (p. 171).

II. The next waif and stray we pick up relative to Cavalier and Roundhead times is a summary of contents found in a letter written by Sir John Dryden, one of the poet's family, who dates from Westminster, 1640, November 26th. The correspondence is preserved at Canons Ashby, Northamptonshire. He wrote to his uncle, hoping that he should have his prayers, though he could not be so serviceable as he could wish to him or his country. He could only bring straw or stubble to the great work, but it wanted not skilful agents. It went on fast. Yet the walls could not be suddenly finished; the ruins in Church and State being such as would require years to repair. It is supposed the petition from the country would occupy Parliament some weeks, the great business having been the raising of £100,000 for the support of the army and the relief of the northern counties. Money had been lent by the City, secured by bonds given by members of the House of Commons. The Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland's business (Lord Strafford's) had just come on, and the great charge against him had been delivered by Mr. Pym in the Painted Chamber (p. 63).

III. There is a long and interesting memoir by Sir Edward Southcote, evidently a distinguished Cavalier, who tells his father's story, and appends

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to it reminiscences of the grand style in which his grandfather lived, perhaps in the days of James I. He begins in a confidential tone, addressing his son, to whom the memoir is sent. "Dear Phill: Being (*since*) you and your grandfather were both military men, I shall here, a little at a time, as I have leisure, give or leave you the line of his life for your amusement when you are under your tent."

As soon as the Civil War broke out, Sir John, by his father's and grandfather's permission, entered the royal army. He seems to have been a Roman Catholic (indeed, the manuscript belongs to the Library of the Dominican Friars, Woodchester, near Stroud), and his eldest sister was a Benedictine nun. His first adventure was with a thousand of the Parliamentary horse, who fired at the Royalists with cannon; so, not liking to stand by and be shot, and seeing the king's soldiers had "nailed up" the Parliamentary guns as Oliver's troops gave way—Southcote made use of his little battle-axe, a weapon carried by all the Royal troops, hung at the wrist by a ribbon, and it being "a dead-doing thing," like "a mason's laithing hammer," he found it effective in laying the enemy low, "with one rapp upon their round heads."

After this encounter he went to Perry Hall, to see his brother and sister, and "rode up the staircase, and did not dismount till he reached the supper-table." They were pleased with his frolic and fun, being right glad to see him; and, from such an anecdote, it is plain that these Royalists were a very light-hearted set, and managed to get some mirth out of their troubles. The Earl of Northampton at this time met with a sad accident, which put an end to his career. At Hopton Heath, in the middle of the action, "the earl's horse, unfortunately, set his foot into a rabbit-hole, which brought the horse upon his knees, and when he was in that posture, was killed outright by one stroke of a halbert upon his head." The rebels, says the writer, plundered Tixall House, no one being at home but Lady Aston and her little daughter; my lord being then commander in Lichfield Close, near to which fell the valiant Puritan, Lord Brook, of Warwick Castle. The house was plundered, and her ladyship left so destitute that she had to beg milk of a neighbour, and a "skillet" in which to boil it. That was her breakfast, dinner, and supper for the whole day. Sir John, at the first Newbury fight, took Captain Hall prisoner, and eight days afterwards accepted as his ransom "a fine managed horse, a suit of armour, a diamond ring," and a promise that if the captor in his turn should be taken captive, he should be released without exchange. This transaction dissatisfied the king, who considered that Captain Hall ought not to have been liberated but in exchange for a Royalist officer of equal rank.

But Sir John stood on his rights; and argued with his friends, that as he ventured his life without pay, it was but reasonable he should do as he liked with anybody he could take prisoner. At the second battle of Newbury, and in the siege of Oxford, he distinguished himself, not only as a daring soldier, but as a brilliant beau—a man after Rupert's heart. One winter's morning he took a fine laced handkerchief out of his pocket and bound it about his neck—hence originated the fashion of wearing lace cravats. A little dog used to follow him into the field, and the Roundheads fancied it was the devil; "and took it very ill," the pithy narrator says, "that he would

set himself against them." Sir John was at the battle of Naseby; his son afterwards visited the field and was shown the windmill where Charles sat, and the hawthorn bush where Cromwell stood. The wars over, the soldier went as a pilgrim to Loretto, and on his way home received at Paris letters from Lady Elizabeth Claypole, Oliver's daughter, who was on friendly terms with Sir John, and asked him to buy for her "two damask beds, one with gold, the other with silver fringes, and also very many yards of the richest gold and silver stuffs for her own wearing." Sir John married the eldest daughter of Lord Aston, of Tixall, and during the courtship, when going to Kingston-on-Thames to see the lady, he purchased horses for his servants, which Oliver heard of, and had him apprehended as a disaffected subject, raising troops against the Government. He was ordered to Lambeth Palace, then a State prison for Royalists, but the Lady Elizabeth, hearing of her friend's trouble, "went to her father in a huff," and explained the matter, which led to Sir John's liberation, and a complimentary excuse for the annoyance given him by mistake. Sir John was married first by a Roman Catholic priest, and then by a justice of the peace.

The writer indulges in reminiscences of his own, and mentions what he saw during the plague year and the fire of London. He lived at Enfield at that time, and distinctly saw the flames, and heard people call out, "Forty pounds for a cart!" "Any money for a cart!" to carry away their goods. Passing through London before the conflagration had been extinguished, one of his father's French servants, who spoke broken English, was seized by a constable, the idea being that Papists had set the city on fire; but Sir John explained who he was and where he lived, and, giving half-a-crown to the fellow, rescued the foreigner out of his clutches.

A postscript to the biographical letter contains some additional incidents, and the narrator describes a cruel diversion to which the Cavaliers addicted themselves. They went out "abirding," as they called it. "Each of them armed with a long fowling-piece, charged with a single bullet, walked within the works (at Oxford), over which, if a Roundhead popped his head, they fired at him; and, as they rarely ever missed, they knocked over twenty or thirty of them in their morning's walk." He further notices that Witham House was totally plundered after the surrender of Colchester, neither lock, latch, nor bolt being left on any of the doors, or a pane of glass in the windows (147, 148).

A second letter, written by Sir Edward to his son Philip, goes into curious details of his grandfather's mode of living at Standon; and as they present a lively picture of the habits and customs of the early part of the seventeenth century, we give the following passage at full length:—

"The table was served with three courses, each of twenty dishes, and these were brought up by twenty men, who stamped up the great stair like thunder at every course. My lord had four servants behind his own chair. He was very curious in his wine, but first of all drank at one draught a whole quart either of malt drink or wine-and-water as a remedy for stone and gravel. At all the inns he lodged at in travelling they kept a quart glass, called 'My Lord Aston's glass.' Sir Edward Southcote saw one at the Altar Stone at Banbury not many years ago. The servants all dined together in the hall, and what was left was thrown together into a tub, which two men took on

their shoulders to the court-gate, where every day forty or fifty poor people were served with it. When my lord did not go hawking in the afternoon, he always played at ombre with his two sons for an hour; and at four o'clock returned to a covered seat in his vineyard. There he sat alone, and none durst approach him. At five o'clock his chariot, with a pair of his six grey Flanders mares—the chariot was made so narrow that none could sit by him—took him 'a trole' about the park for five or six miles. He returned at seven, and by eight would be in bed. He always lay in bed without pillow, bolster, or nightcap. Winter and summer he rose at four, and entertained himself with books until it was time to go a-hunting or hawking at wild ducks. He would never allow any but hunted venison at his table. Every day but Sunday one buck was killed at the least, but most commonly a brace. He never made or returned any visit, the court and address of that county being made to him. Thus my lord lived until his son prevailed on him to return to Tixal. This was a great cross to his lady, who liked this way of living. And being now so far removed from her dear daughter Southcote, she grew melancholy and lost her wits, keeping almost perpetual silence, and refusing nourishment." (2nd Report, p. 148.)

At the time of the Popish plot, the Southcotes fell into trouble; they were fined twenty pounds a month; and this soon ran up to nine hundred pounds. In default of prompt payment, household goods and plough horses of the tenants were seized. Quiet times came afterwards. Sir Edward married, and kept five or six store-horses for his coach, and four or five for the saddle; had three courses at dinner, five dishes at a course; and also a dairy of ten cows; the tallow from the beef and mutton being enough to supply candles all the year round.

IV. We will now step across the border, and return to the Montrose archives, which throw light on swearing and subscribing the Solemn League and Covenant in 1643-1644. There are summonses, to the extent of several hundreds, against the Marquis of Huntly and others who had refused to sign. A minister at Bothwell writes to say that one of his parishioners, named Hamilton, had shown himself willing to take the covenant, and that the Presbytery desired him to receive Hamilton's oath and subscription in the parish church at Bothwell. Committees were appointed for the trial of delinquents, who declared persons should be "assoilzied," on producing a certificate from the Moderator that they had subscribed. There must have been a vast amount of inquisitorial business going on in those days; and Roman Catholics and Prelatists found themselves in a painful predicament when required to swear to what they did not believe. In the midst of the darkest night of Royalist disaster and depression, Prince Charles—his majesty, as he was called—had to keep up his royal state and dignity; and if he did nothing else in the way of rewarding his faithful servants, he bestowed on them empty titles, and the symbols of knightly orders then prescribed by the supreme authority. The way in which the Order of the Garter was conferred on the Marquis of Montrose is fully described. Finding it necessary to fill up vacancies, and duly weighing the eminence of his birth and family, and his extraordinary services under Charles I, as well as under his present majesty, the king elected him a companion of the order, and sent him the George and riband,

by Garter King-at-arms. The king authorised the marquis to wear the George and riband; and because it was not then possible to have other additions and ceremonies incident to this high rank fully performed, his majesty authorised him to wear the Garter on the left leg; the Glory, or star of silver, with St. George's Cross embroidered within a garter, on his cloak and upper garments; and also the Great Collar of the order on the customary days. It is curious to learn that the riband sent was in Montrose's possession in his last battle; and when he had dropped the insignia of the Garter in an attempt to save his life, the decoration was found hidden under a tree. It was restored to the family, and is in the possession of the present duke. It may be added here that the Scotch regalia remained for a time in the Castle of Dunnottar during the Commonwealth; and it seems that after the Restoration, Charles II wished to possess that building (Report iii. xxiv).

One more illustration of those times we meet with in the papers of Alexander Forbes Irvine, Esq., Drum Castle. Having thrown in their lot with the Royalist cause, the Irvine family suffered in many ways; their house was besieged and plundered, fines were exacted, and their tenants were cruelly harried. Sir Alexander Irvine, in 1652, was charged by the Aberdeen Presbytery with being a Papist; which, says the accused, "is their ordinary course, whereby they make the more colourable way and fairer pretext to satisfy their restless ambition, and execute their rage upon all who will not implicitly obey them, and idolatrise all their crafty inventions." He was ready to clear himself of the charge of Popery, but the offer was rejected, unless he would submit himself totally to Presbyterian jurisdiction. Now, he says, he felt compelled to renew his appeal and separate himself from the discipline of the Presbytery, in particular that of Aberdeen, which had given him so much trouble, and which he pronounced a human invention destructive of Christian peace. He intended, by God's help, to walk and live in such a Christian way as is conformable to the Divine will revealed in the sacred word (ii. 198).

V. It will not be an inappropriate sequel to what has been said of the Cavaliers to glance for a moment at what went on in Scotland, when the old Stuart feeling blazed up afresh, during the last century, and the Jacobites hoped for the restoration of Prelacy, and the placing of the crown on the head of the Pretender. Several papers catalogued in the First and Second Reports relate to the subject.

The religious feeling of the Cavalier and Jacobite party comes out in a scheme for a religious house in Scotland; a sort of reformed convent, something like the Anglo-Catholic sisterhoods of our own day. The known inconveniences of foreign nunneries were deprecated, yet a devout occasion for withdrawing from the world was eagerly sought. The government of the house, division of time, exercises and teachers, diversions and visits, diet, chaplains, physicians, revenue, treasurer, and housekeeper are all described. The Honourable Henry Maule, a nonjuring gentleman, who was "out in the 1715," had to do with this movement (i. 118). A clergyman in English orders, officiating in a chapel at Edinburgh, is the writer of several letters relating to the scheme, and, at the instance of the Edinburgh Presbytery, he was thrown into prison for using the English Prayer-book. The legality of the imprisonment, as declared by the

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Court of Session, was reversed on an appeal to the House of Lords, and this circumstance led to the Toleration Act of Queen Anne for Scotch Episcopalians.

Lord Lovat certainly had in him none of the better Cavalier qualities, though he at first stood up for the Pretender. Soon he turned against the cause he had espoused, and in 1714 and following year he comes out as a Hanoverian, writing such letters as these:—"1714. Dec. 2. I am fully resolved to expose my life for the royal family of Hanover. I hope there is none who wish the king and government well, but should wish to see me at the head of my clan, where, your lordship (Earl of Sutherland) knows, I may be of good use to the government, since, by all appearance, it's there the Pretender will make his first attempt" (ii. 178). His deceit and treachery are proverbial in the Highlands; and his turning against the Jacobites at this time is attributed to pretensions which, as head of his family, he wished to promote, in opposition to a Jacobite heiress.* In April, 1715, he writes to the earl, saying his life and his name are at his lordship's mercy, and he hopes his lordship will plead with the ministry on his behalf. A year after, he describes what he had done for suppressing the rebellion as a plea for the restoration of his estates, and for the pardon of some of his friends. He had so acted as to disgust every honourable man, and in 1717 complains of the loss of the earl's friendship, who had gone so far as to refuse even to see him. His fate in 1745 is known to everybody.

Letters dated 1745, belonging to the Duke of Richmond, contain reports of arrangements for meeting the Jacobite rising, and there are letters from the Duke of Newcastle on the subject. In one of them, dated Claremont, September 21, 1745, he says, "I am very apprehensive that the Pretender, being in possession of Scotland, may encourage France to try and put them in possession of England also." "Everything is done that can be done by an Administration that has no power, and to whom the king, their master, will hardly vouchsafe to say one word about his own business. The greater the danger is, the more angry he grows with those who alone can help him out of it; and if he goes on he may run the risk of losing another kingdom by the rashness and hating of some, as he has already done one by the folly and obstinacy of others" (Report i. 115).

The terror of the Scotch rebellion reached Norwich, and we see it reflected from the letter of an inhabitant, Oct. 15, 1745. "In great hurry and terror here, because of the Scotch rebellion; busy in associating and raising forces, and subscriptions to raise money, which all here cheerfully enter into; hopes that the troops lately arrived at Newcastle will soon give a good account of the rascals" (Rep. iii. 230).

The correspondence and papers of William, Marquis of Tullibardine, and his brother, Lord John Murray, sons of the Duke of Athol, and leaders in the 1745 revolt, are in the possession of Mrs. Erskine Murray, and would, it seems, if used, have implicated a good many people. They were printed as curiosities for the Abbotsford Club in 1840, and how these Athol papers came into the custody of the Erskines is explained in the following manner. "In the year

1748 James Erskine, Esq., son of Charles Erskine, Lord Tinwald, was appointed sheriff depute of Perthshire, and in the same year his father was elevated to the dignity of lord justice clerk in the room of Lord Milton. About this period the new sheriff had in all probability, by some means or other, discovered and obtained possession of these documents. At a date so long after the rebellion and the punishment of many of the individuals compromised by the correspondence, as well as the death of others, he conceived that he would better aid the returning tranquillity of the country by suppressing these manuscripts altogether, than by using them as the means of further vengeance against those whose misdeeds he probably thought had been already sufficiently atoned for. With this view of the matter he had, in all likelihood, deposited these 'cold ashes of rebellion' in his private archives, where they have since remained along with other more harmless correspondence and family papers" (iv. 528).

JOHN STOUGHTON, D.D.

WALTON-ON-THE-NAZE.

AND so I finally resolved to pay a visit to Walton-on-the-Naze. I did not, however, arrive at this decision without some misgivings, for the opinions of friends on the place were more than usually discordant. One asserted that no water to drink could be got there; another, that the air was tainted with the noisome exhalations of the neighbouring marshes; a third, that the place was situated on a mudbank, was overrun with day-excursionists, and was, in fact, incurably vulgar.

There was, I found, a grain of truth in all these allegations. The water is certainly not so copiously supplied nor so good as one could wish; there is now and then a slight odour from the "back waters," as the arm of the sea that runs round the Naze is called; and the day-excursionists are at times a trifle too pronounced. But, on the other hand, the air is bracing and appetising; the cliffs, though of London clay, are varied and pretty; and, above all, there is here a section of the classic "red crag." True, you have not the massive precipitancy of the chalk cliffs of the south-eastern counties, crowned with those long and gentle undulations inland which are so characteristic a feature of chalk scenery everywhere, nor have you the wild and rugged grandeur of the older rocks of the south-west. Yet these cliffs have a beauty of their own. The whole face of the cliff consists, in fact, of a succession of miniature headlands with intervening gaps, or chines, as they would be called in the south; each gap covered with vegetation, and boasting, in many cases, its own tiny rivulet, whose course to the beach is marked by a line of verdure. Composed of London clay, the cliff can present no obstacle to the foe which is ceaselessly attacking it. Above, land springs are ever at work loosening the surface soil, widening crannies into cracks, and extending the crack both downwards and lengthwise until some one of the projections is split off and slides down on to the beach, to be there washed away by the sea. And so the process goes on until what was the headland of one generation becomes the gap of the next, and the sea steadily encroaches on the yielding and plastic coast. Below, the beach is disfigured with

* Stanhope's History of England, i. 179.

great patches, black and slippery, of the clay, while fragments of the crumbled rock bestrew the shore. The sea, indeed, seems at times to repent of the ruin it has caused, and endeavours to conceal the clayey deposit with a decorous covering of sand; but the attempt is, on the whole, a failure, and the beach at low tide looks "ugly and black and bare."

But this morning we can see nothing of these defects. The tide is nearly at the full, and the sea is washing well up to the base of the cliffs themselves. The pier is thronged with visitors collected to watch the steamer pass on its way to London. On the horizon you can just detect the lighthouse on the Gunfleet Sands, a queer-looking affair, something like a gigantic hen-coop mounted on stilts; while nearer inland the white sails of the fleet of fishing smacks glitter in the sunshine. It is altogether a glorious scene.

On the cliff where we are now standing we see many signs of what we may call retarded development. Behind us houses have been built so as to fringe a circular hollow of shrubs and trees, which mark the spot where formerly stood a Martello tower, but the crescent is incomplete. In front of us attempts have been made to slope the face of the cliff into terraces, but the effort seems to have come to a premature death. Two railway trucks, resting on rusty rails and mouldering sleepers, the latter now disclosed by the crumbling of the clay beneath, mark the point where the spirit of local activity could no further go. The very pier—which is, on the whole, a creditable performance—has endeavoured to put out a siding, but has failed ignominiously. And yet, without doubt, this south-west cliff forms the "west-end" of Walton. No defects of structure, no mistakes of design or plan, can destroy, or even to any great extent detract from, the attractions of the lovely breeze and the charming repose which characterise the spot. Continuing our course to the north-east, we observe that the cliff steadily diminishes in height. Passing Dorling's Hotel and the Esplanade, the latter protected by a sea-wall—which wall, we note, is efficacious and durable, just in proportion as it is made sloping and not vertical—we find that the cliff vanishes altogether. Here the sea washes almost on to the road itself. Here we find ourselves in the very centre of seaside life, with the usual concomitants of bathing-machines, crowds of excursionists, babies, nurses, nigger minstrels, donkeys, children's spades and sandheaps, and costermongers and novels. Here, too, an irregular wooden tenement, known as the Bath House Hotel, indicates what was, sixty years ago, the first step towards making Walton into a watering-place. A dilapidated building beyond is the Custom House, where two, if not more, of her Majesty's coastguard are employed all day in taking care of a flagstaff, and in making reports thereon to head-quarters. Here, too, a stone breakwater, and a beach covered with masses of Kentish rag, tell how persistent are the encroachments of the sea. A century ago Walton Church stood somewhere here; now both it and the burial-ground are some distance out at sea, while it is a tradition among the sailors that, at exceptionally low tides, the coffins have been, within living memory, seen sticking in the sands.

And now the cliffs reappear, and we commence a gradual ascent. The path runs by the edge, and, as before, gap succeeds gap, and here and there a spring bubbles up, its course being marked down the cliff

by the more luxuriant nature of the vegetation till it reaches the beach, where it forms a miniature delta. And the beach is now a bright and shining stretch of sands, unsullied by projections of clay or mud, over which a sea of transparent blue is rolling in. To the north-east stretches the Suffolk coast, while, nearer home, we see the white houses of Dovercourt glittering in the sun. Looking inland, we can note the broken outlines of Pewit Island, and, running almost due east and west, the line of the Stour and Orwell.

This cliff is the southernmost extremity of the red crag, which is almost exclusively a Suffolk formation, fringing the Rivers Deben and Orwell, and cropping out in patches at intervals along the coast from Felixtow to Easton Bavent. The conditions of its deposition, and the relations of its fauna, have been thoroughly investigated by Professor Prestwich and Mr. Searles Wood, whose researches, indeed, have left very little to be ascertained.

To begin with what a geologist would call the stratigraphical position of the red crag—in other words, its relation to the rocks above and below it—we find that in many places the red crag reposes on the London clay; in others, it rests on another and an older member of the crag deposits, viz., the white or coralline crag, so called because of the presence in it of large quantities of coralloid mollusca. This coralline crag presents features somewhat similar to those of the red crag. It contains layers of shells, broken and attenuated, intervening with strata of harder limestone, and layers, here and there, of unbroken shells and polyzoa, placed in the position in which they grew. The sea in which it was deposited was a tolerably deep one, having communication with the south, though subject at times to the action of ice, a fact attested by the presence at the base of the crag, at Sutton, in Suffolk, of a block of porphyry, evidently brought from a remote distance by an iceberg or glacier. After a time a process of upheaval commenced, and, little by little, the coralline crag was raised above the level of the sea. Then commenced the deposition of the red crag. A careful examination of the many sections of the latter which have from time to time been uncovered, enables the geologist to determine with precision the nature of the red crag sea. Take, for instance, the stratification. Where beds are deposited at the bottom of a deep sea, or of a river whose current is uniform and channel unobstructed, they are, when subsequently upheaved, found to be stratified horizontally and regularly. Where, however, eddies or currents occur, and especially in shallow water, the beds are found to be obliquely and irregularly stratified. Now, in many districts the stratification is oblique; while in other places, as, for instance, in this section which we are examining, it is more regular and horizontal. Moreover, in spots where the latter is the case, blocks of flint and septaria occasionally occur at the bottom of the bed.

Another point to be observed is that, here and there, as at Sutton and Sudbourne, the red crag is found completely to encircle the coralline crag, while blocks of the latter are found buried in the red crag deposit. In some places, again, where the coralline and red crags occur in conjunction, the former has evidently suffered denudation before the latter was thrown down upon it.

These and similar considerations point to the conclusion that in the red crag we have the remains of a great sandbank, or set of sandbanks, formed under

conditions substantially similar to those under which the shoals of the Doggerbank, off the coast of Northumberland, are being deposited now. The sea in which the red crag was deposited was undoubtedly a shallow one, in which the currents were variable and strong, and from which there emerged here a reef and there an islet of the coralline crag. Round these reefs the current surged and eddied, wearing them away, or detaching blocks of them, and so forming banks and shores of mingled sand and shells. And these shoals would be ever shifting; now left high and dry and bare, now broken down or swept away by changes in the set of the tide, to be reaccumulated elsewhere. Owing to the constant repetition of such changes, the shells would gradually become broken and worn. Each shoal, moreover, would necessarily contain many shells washed by the ceaseless action of the waves out of the adjacent cliffs of coralline crag, together with those which belonged to living animals. Here and there, of course, would be sheltered spots where the shells would be deposited so quietly that even the two valves of an ordinary bivalve would not be disunited, and the mass of shells would be entire and unworn. And, in the deeper channels of the sea, ice would float up during winter, carrying with it masses of flint from some distant chalk cliff, or of septaria washed out of some coast fringed with London clay. In a general way we may say that in these sections of the red crag, where, as just pointed out, the stratification is oblique, we have the exposed shoals of the sea we are endeavouring to describe; while in those sections where the stratification is direct, we have the deeper channels, which were afterwards gradually silted up.

An examination of the shells in the crag enables us to form a tolerably certain opinion as to the climate of the period. There can be no doubt that the red crag at Walton represents the *oldest* form of the crag deposit, the shells found there being to a very large extent of a mediterranean type, and allied to those of the coralline. But as you go northward, and examine the sections at Batley and Easton Ravent, the shells partake more and more of an Arctic character, till, by gradual stages, they pass into the true type of the lower, middle, and upper glacial deposits. Carefully tracing out the probable conditions thus indicated, Professor Prestwich and Mr. Wood arrive at the conclusion that during the deposition of the Coralline and Walton crags, the chalk hills of Kent were steadily rising, thus gradually reducing the connection between the Mediterranean and Arctic seas, until by their emergence above the ocean level they severed that connection altogether. The later portions of the red crag were thus deposited in a sea open to the north, but separated by a land barrier from the south.

And now, as we proceed to collect the shells which are ranged in layers on the face of the cliff, we are struck with the variety of species and the profusion of specimens. We must not cumber our pages with the scientific terminology requisite to describe the rich fauna of the Walton crag. Rather would we glean a fact or two from a particular species. Here, for instance, is the well-known *Trophon antiquum*, or *Fusus contrarius*, the common whelk. We observe that it differs from its present representative in that its volutions are from right to left, while in the latter they run from left to right. Hence it is called the reversed whelk. Now the curious fact is that while,

nowadays, a reversed whelk is so rare that it is, I believe, worth 7s. 6d., in this Walton crag you can never find any but those which are reversed. They are, in fact, the ancient form of the whelk, and it is an interesting point to consider by what transitions, by what atrophy of the internal organs, this change was brought about.

But though the mollusca contribute far more than any other class of organic objects to our knowledge of the crag—as, indeed, of most other geologic formations—many remains of higher animals have been discovered, and from them much valuable information has been obtained. From the beds of coprolites which we have mentioned as underlying the crag in some spots have been obtained the remains of mastodon, rhinoceros, and stag, together with teeth of gigantic sharks and the earbones of whales. The teeth of an animal of the horse family have also been discovered, but no traces of the horse itself. These teeth differ from those of the living horse in the greater quantity of the enamel present therein, and in the greater intricacy of the convolutions. To this animal, which would seem to be a predecessor of the modern horse, the name *hipparion* has been given.

A. S. H.

"God Knows."

In the "Times" newspaper the above words were lately recorded as a rough epitaph cut upon the headstone of a child washed ashore, without any clue to birth, name, or parentage, during the late gales.

HIS was a poet's hand who wrote those words,
Words that in meaning cut like two-edged swords.
Ye who pass here where green the new grass grows,
Ponder awhile on this sweet truth—"God knows."

Yes, tiny ocean-waif, thy birth, death, age,
Thy peer or peasant race and parentage,
All, all unknown, while ocean ebbs and flows,
Two words tell all—we know not, but—"God knows."

Knows where and why thy infant form had breath,
Knows how He called thee into Life through Death,
Knows why He reaps well-nigh before He sows,
God had His need of thee—and why—"God knows."

Oh! are not all His ways, though fain to bless,
Like the vast ocean, deep and fathomless?
Ye who ask why some blossom like the rose,
Bow at this headstone, kneel and say—"God knows."

Knows why He suffers, more than serpent's tooth,
A Father's heart to feel a child's untruth;
Knows why—more sharp than western wind that blows—
He suffers man's ingratitude—"God knows."

Yes, little offspring of the sea and wave,
We learn some deep true lessons at thy grave;
Thy struggles spared, we know not; thy repose,
We may not ask or wish for; why—"God knows."

Enough, one thing I know, dear nameless child,
Thy wheat was pluck'd which might to tares run wild;
Man lives to work, yet reaps he as he sows;
Those who are His man knows not, but—"God knows."

CECIL MOORE.

Varieties.

WEEDS.—The waste through weeds is great in England, and much more in Ireland, where the attention of land proprietors and farmers has been often called to the matter by the Board of Agriculture. (See "Leisure Hour" for 1873, pp. 352 and 368.) It seems that American farmers are quite as open to censure as our own, but then they have the excuse of less command of labour. The "New York Observer" gives some useful hints:—"So long as eight million tons of useless weeds are raised annually by the farmers of the United States, we cannot urge too frequently the means for their destruction. It is not merely because the same amount of vegetable growth in useful crops would amount to sixty million dollars, but for the constant hindrances which they offer to neat husbandry, their injury to young crops, and their seeds spoiling the sale of otherwise excellent market products, that they should not be permitted to present such formidable drawbacks to good farming. It is now well understood that the true way to clear out annual weeds from the soil, is by stirring it over and over through the summer, just often enough to break the sprouts and kill the young plants as they are coming to the surface; and that perennial weeds, and more particularly those which spread by the roots, are most easily and effectually destroyed by smothering and keeping them ploughed under; with rare exceptions, as in the case of quack grass. A general truth, which will apply to all processes for killing weeds, is that they may be destroyed when just starting from the ground with one-tenth the labour required a week or two later, and one-twentieth of the work when fully grown. The farmer must therefore make provision to command ready labour at the critical time when it will accomplish the most."

METEOROLOGY OF 1876.—In the annual Report of the Royal Observatory at Greenwich it is stated that the mean temperature of the year 1876 was 50·1, being 0·7 above the average of the preceding thirty-five years. The months of greatest deviation were May, July, and December, the temperatures being respectively 3·5 deg. below, 3·7 deg. above, and 4 deg. above the average. The absolute temperature was seven times above 90 deg., the highest being 94 deg., on the 17th of July. The lowest was 17·4 deg., on the 8th of January. The mean daily motion of the air was 291 miles greater than the average. In February and March the movements were fifty-four miles and 113 miles above the average. The greatest day's motion was 869 miles, on March 15, and the least was forty-nine, on February 11. The observation on the pluviometer, mounted in the Royalist, at Poplar (the ship to which the Thames thermometers are attached), at the elevation of seventeen feet above the river, appears to show that the amount of rain collected there is the same as that on the ground level at the Royal Observatory in the months of June, July, and August, but less than in all other months of the year, the aggregate for the year being nearly the same as that of the rain collected on the roof of the octagon room at the Observatory. The computation of the photographic records of the barometers from 1854 to 1873 has so far advanced that it is asserted positively there is no trace of lunar tide in the atmosphere, but that there is a strongly-marked semidiurnal tide, accompanied with a smaller diurnal tide.

BRETON NATIONALITY.—There is no need for the Breton to disclaim, as he does, any kindred with the French. A special nationality is stamped on his face. These peasants, especially the men of Morbihan and Finistère, are a race apart; with their long dark deep-set eyes gleaming from under thick dark eyebrows, their tangled hair spreading over the shoulders and often reaching almost to the waist, their dark skins and long straight noses, and their quaint costume, they are wholly un-French. They are taller, too, and larger framed than the generality of Frenchmen are; they look more powerful in every way, and they have a seriousness, amounting to dignity, which is wholly distinctive. Even when he is drunk, and this is a too frequent occurrence, the Breton strives to be self-controlled and quiet. When he is sober, there is a touch of the North American Indian in his stolid indifference, and also in the apparent contempt with which he regards his spouse; for the Breton peasant-woman, spite of her rich costume on Sundays and gala days, is after marriage a mere hewer of wood and drawer of water, often the slave of her drunken unfeeling husband. Possibly this slavery takes away self-respect, and gives to the married Bretonne the clumsiness and half savage manner which must strike the

stranger as much as her want of gaiety and light-heartedness. There are, of course, abundant exceptions, and in Finistère the women are handsomer and less sad-looking than in Morbihan. One never sees in Brittany a young man and woman strolling together in the evening. Only a few days of courtship seem to be allowed before marriage to the Bretonne peasant. After marriage her slavery begins. We heard that in many places, notably at Scaër and its neighbourhood, the old betrothal and marriage customs, so graphically described by Brizeux, Souvestre, and other writers, still exist.—"*Through Brittany*," by Mrs. Macquoid.

MEMORIAL VASE.—In laying the foundation-stone of a new building, the Conservative Club, at Hanley, in the Potteries, an unusual but fitting addition was made to the articles deposited. Along with current coins of the realm, and local newspapers of the date, Messrs. Minton, of tile-making celebrity, sent a vase, in which the usual articles were placed beneath the foundation-stone. The vase is interesting as having been painted from designs of the Crown Princess of Prussia, then the Princess Royal of England, and by her Royal Highness's command, in memory of the late Prince Consort. The vase bears the following inscription in German: "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, saith the Spirit; they rest from their labours and their works do follow them," and, "Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit." It also had a representation of the crucifixion.

BIDEFORD.—All who have travelled through the delicious scenery of North Devon must needs know the little white town of Bideford, which slopes upwards from its broad tide-river paved with yellow sands, and many-arched old bridge where salmon wait for autumn floods, toward the pleasant upland on the west. Above the town the hills close in, cushioned with deep oak woods, through which juts here and there a crag of fern-fringed slate; below they lower, and open more and more in softly-rounded knolls, and fertile squares of red and green, till they sink into the wide expanse of hazy flats, rich salt marshes, and rolling sand hills, where Torridge joins her sister Taw, and both together flow quietly toward the broad surges of the bar, and the everlasting thunder of the Atlantic swell. Pleasantly the old town stands there, beneath its soft Italian sky, fanned day and night by the fresh ocean breeze, which forbids alike the keen winter frosts, and the fierce thunder heats of the midland; and pleasantly it has stood there for now, perhaps, eight hundred years, since the first Grenvil, cousin of the Conqueror, returning from the conquest of South Wales, drew round him trusty Saxon serfs, and free Norse rovers with their golden curls, and dark Silurian Britons from the Swansea shore, and all the mingled blood which still gives to the seaward folk of the next county their strength and intellect, and even in these levelling days, their peculiar beauty of face and form.—*Westward Ho!*

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE'S LATEST APPEAL.—At the Mansion House meeting in aid of the funds of the Portsmouth "Soldiers' Institute," Miss Robinson, the founder of the club, read the following letter from Miss Florence Nightingale. "May I from my sick bed cry for help from England for her soldiers and their Institute at Portsmouth, the great port for embarking and disembarking? If you knew as I do (or once did) the difference between our soldiers cared for in body, mind, and morals, and our soldiers uncared for—the last 'Hell's Carnival' (the words are not my own); the first the finest fellows of God's making—if we knew how troops immediately on landing are beset with invitations to bad of all kinds, we should hasten to supply them with invitations to and means for good of all kinds. Remembering that the soldier is of all men the man whose life is made for him by the necessities of the service—he cannot go seeking work, better places, and proper recreations for himself, still less for his wife or family—if we realised what were the only places open to our men out of barracks—places not of recreation, but of drink and of vice, to the intense misery and degradation of men, women, and children; if we knew, as officers know, the difference to the service of these men and of those—('Turn out the Saints, for Havelock never blunders, and his men are never drunk;') we may not hope to make Saints of all, but we can make men of them instead of brutes—if you knew these things as I do you would forgive me for asking you, if my poor name may still be that of the soldiers' ever faithful servant, to support Miss Robinson's work at Portsmouth—the place of all others of temptations to be brutes."

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